



They Called me Free.



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Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

They lied. I am not free. I have never been free. Any by the looks of it, I never will be. My life is in repeat. Over and over.

"Freckles!" The ringmasters voice rang through my head. " Get up you freak!" I was the main act of the Great Italian Freak show. No, the main freak. The One and Only: Freckles. The horns. This is my downfall. They are large and curvy. Sharp. They have been the death of may people.

I awaken and begin to dress. I will never be free. A freak is never free.

Chapter 2 by Van T.



The big brass music echoing through the tent. The sound of the Ringmaster's voice over the microphone. The cheering, the 'ooh's and 'aah's of the crowd. These were the sounds that filled my head while I awaited my performance. I looked around in the dimly lit room where they kept all the other freaks.

There was Salty, the man covered in scales that made him look like a fish. Molly & Dolly, the twins connected at the hip. Bones was the man with no nose and a deathly pallor since they

starved him to keep him looking like a walking skeleton. All of us didn't talk much before shows, we waited in the shadows for our

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"Ladies and Gentlemen!" The ringmaster's voice boomed over the microphone, and the booming voice of our Kingmaster, as the audience cheered in delight for the spectacle they were about to

witness. "You've heard the stories, you've seen the posters, and now witness with your very eyes the horned man, the devil's spawn, the human bull... Freckles!"

A large man came behind me and gripped me by the shoulders. He pushed me along, right to the centre stage. I was dressed in rags, shackles around my ankles and wrists. Shuffling my way into the open, I was left to ready myself for my act.

Chapter 3 by Magnolia



The Great Italian Freak Show was in action. I took my place. Ready for my part.

The sound of laughter and gasps danced through my ears as I saw fingers point at me from all directions; something you can never quite get used to. I let out a beastly roar to the crowds pleasure. I gnashed my fanged teeth to further the applause. Breaking the shackles on my ankles and wrists was an easy task with my strength. A clown walked onstage carrying a large stick with sausages pinned at the end. We circled around each other for a short time before I let out a breath encased with blue fire. The crowd's roar of approval could almost rival mine. The clown jumped back in an over dramatic fashion and started to eat the now burned sausage in a glutenous fashion.

I'd done this show a thousand times now. I knew what was coming next and I hated it. It was the peak of my act, the real crowd pleaser. I looked up at the Ringmaster with bright red eyes full of hatred as he addressed the audience, "You think you've seen it all? The legged dragon has yet to show you his most fearsome act! Now, show us your true power, Demon!"

Chapter 4 by Nick Kincaid



I doubled over in pain as I concentrated with all my being. The audience didn't know the half of what was happening, all they saw for the first little bit was the blue fire tipping my horns, the sight that signals the transformation. I get up and standing straight with my head up and arms outstretched I let out a bestial roar while I spew flames in the air. I burn the tarp the clowns put on the large hole on the top of the tent thus revealing the moonlight, it is midnight I realize, as the bright full moon is in the middle of the sky shining perfectly straight into the hole.

Standing up I bend over slightly. The moonlight dances along my demon wings, my painful, my skin.

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Once my transformation is complete the tips of my horns and my eyes burn with blue fire, and my wings, my wings span 25 feet in length and are made of shiny black feathers speckled with small gray spots (this is why I am called Freckles).

I am Kiezal, Prince of Darkness, heir to the underworld. Only three people know my true name, my old flame, the Ringmaster, and his Boss, and this was my downfall.

I fly into the air which now carries excited and lustful screams from women but also the dull roar of hateful comments from men. This is my wings' power, women lust for them and me while men want to strip me of them and mount them like a trophy.

I make some quick laps flying around the whole tent, just slow enough to give the audience a good but slightly blurred view of me and my wings. Once I mesmerize the crowd I fly high enough into the air in the middle of the tent for everyone to be able to see me and do simple flame tricks like blowing harmless flame bubbles around in varying sizes and designs until I get the go-ahead from the Ringmaster.

At this point in the show, I light my hands ablaze and snap my fingers. This burns memories of my choosing out of their feeble human minds, I burn every memory after the point at which the Ringmaster spoke last. All people will ever be able to remember about my final act is that it was magnificent and they will yearn to come back to the show to witness again what they lost.

When I snap my fingers the stagehands snuff out all the lights and the audience is in a trance long enough for me to transform back to "normal." During this darkness I do not attempt to escape as all it takes is for the Ringmaster to yell my true name and threaten the one I love and I am under his control till he releases me.

The last thing the audience sees as they leave is me, standing tall in my nonwinged form wearing a black and gray tuxedo complete with pimp cane and top hat, waving with a sly grin on my face.

After the show I usually am permitted time alone and anything I would like, to a certain extent.

Tonight is different though, not well, not my private room. The Ringmaster approaches me. "You did great tonight," he says sarcastically. I look away. "I see him grinning from ear to ear as he says casually "Oh, and I will be seeing you!"

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What could he possibly want. I do everything I'm supposed to. I don't try to escape. I go through that god awful transformation every night. I sigh and make my way to where the boss stays as slowly as I possibly can.

He's waiting at the door when I get there "What took you so long Kiezal?" I hate how his voice sounds. "What did you want to speak to me about boss?" "Kiezal, do you have any other powers? Your act is becoming kind of mundane." That sentence made me want to punch him in the face. I start laughing. "Mundane? Seriously mundane? Do you know how fucking painful it is to go through that transformation every god damn night? Of course you fucking wouldn't you're just a tiny powerless fucking human." My voice was growing louder with each word along with my anger. "Honestly, Kyler, if I wanted to right now I could kill you with the snap of my fingers." I saw a look of fear cross his face but he quickly wiped it off. "Kiezal I am the boss here. Not you. Let's get that straight-" I look him dead in the eyes and grip his mind. "Oh, Kyler, you really should be scared of me. I could kill you and every other human in this fucking hell hole." I laugh evilly. "You've reached the end of the line buddy" My eyes turn blazing with blue flame as I drain the life from him.

I sit there for a minute thinking about what the fuck I just did. The human part of me is freaking out where as the demon part is relishing in the feeling. I normally have that part under control. I don't know why that part came out like that. Could it be growing stronger? It could be the fact that I transform to my full form every night.

Chapter 6 by CarnageDT



The ringmaster walks in and instantly a gasp is released as he steps back in horror. I look at him and do one thing...The only thing that felt right.

He burst into beautiful blue flames. The smell itself set me into a frenzy. I can't help myself. I scream and transform for the second time tonight. I don't remember anything else. I'm in a room. Where am I?

Chapter 7 by The Book of Stories

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I look down at my wrists, and the... around, shocked. It was a solitary room of some sort. I could hear the faintest of sounds to lighten to get the ropes off when a woman came in. The woman had a

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happy look and she wore a school uniform. "Hello~!" She intoned, walking up to me. She wasn't afraid...or laughing at me?

"I know you have no clue what's going on, but you're safe with us. I- We know what you have done at the circus." She kept smiling, but her eyes said otherwise. She was sympathizing me...? Why?

"W-where are my friends?!" I asked her icily, even surprised how cold I sounded. Her smile faded. "You went insane. You burnt the whole circus down, along with your buddies." Her face then lighted up. "But you survived! So now we can help you with containing this power of yours, and strengthening it for defense."

I said nothing, perplexed. I looked back at my wrists.

"Oh~! Our bad. We had to tie you up when you had your rampage."

She quickly untied me, and sent me out the door into a bedroom.

It had a bunk bed with a change of clothes on the bottom bunk. The top of the bunk was a blue bedspread with a locket book on it. "Oh! That's your roommate's bed. She called top bunk. I'll be on my way and on the door is a map!" She was about to leave when I stopped her. "Wait..What's your name?" I asked.

"I'm Captain Orhimi! Welp, I have other kids to attend. Seeya!" She turned around and took off. Wait...Did that girl have a tail?!

*

After changing, I grabbed the map and went to the lunchroom. It was packed, except for one table, when a girl sat.

She looked about my age, and she wasn't wearing the uniform like the other kids. The girl had a black cape that covered everything but her neck up. There was nowhere else to sit but by her.

When I went up to her, I realized there was a cat by her. She had a book open, and the cat was on the book. She was smiling, as if her and the cat were talking.

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She didn't notice me, so I went up to her. I was about to say something when she instantly froze and looked up, confused.

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The girl looked around, and frowned. "You're new, aren't you?" She muttered.

"I am...." I said quietly.

"Then you might want to sit with the cool kids. I'm just an outcast-"

"So am I." I protested.

I studied her face and realized she was blind. Her eyes were dull and colorless.

"I'm sorry, newbie, but I can't deal with this right now."

She lifted her hands, a portal forming, and left in an instant.

Chapter 8 by Madeline Of Elves



I blinked in surprise, sitting as still as I could as to not wake myself if this was all some insane dream. And if this was all in my head- Would it be nightmare or wish come true? I had killed my only friends, and possibly my only love, that was reason enough to consider this a simple night terror, all too common for me. On the other hand... People like me. Possibly inhuman, all strange.

I turned my head to the cat, who was still grinning lazily in my direction. A human tale came to mind, 'Alice In Wonderland'. If the Cheshire Cat was embodied, this feline would fit the part down to the last pearly claw.

"I know I'm simply gorgeous, but staring is rude."

The cat said, in the type of tone usually reserved for rich ladies ordering servants around with a cold sort of nonchalance. Why, pardon me, but what the fuck? This was a pet, correct? Still, I cleared my throat, trying to wipe the shocked look off my face.

"This is a dream, then?"

My question was only rewarding with a quiet sniff from the cat, almost a laugh.

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was how most jobs ended up, though I was a failure to the system. Demons, especially heirs to the throne, were not supposed to fall so desperately in love with their masters that when the time came- Well, I choose not to have a meal of a precious soul that night.

"I have heard of them, I have never seen one before. Why didn't you pick a form that could speak normally?"

"Ha, you really are idiotic, no wonder your father- Ooh, that's not for me to break to you, is it? Of course, I could tell you his proclamation... For a price. I heard you can summon demon-fire without dying, and I am simply starved. Just a little meal for a poor old cat, hm?"

the end

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